

REFLECTIONS
UPON
MATRIMONY,
AND THE
Women of this Country.

IN A
LETTER to a Young GENTLEMAN.

Art thou loosed from a Wife? Seek not a Wife.

I Cor. vii. 27.

Who can find a virtuous Woman?

Prov. xxxi. 10.

L O N D O N:

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Reflections, &c.



O sooner, my dear Friend, had I read your Letter, desiring my Advice concerning your Marriage, than struck into a Horror and Detestation of your Folly, I knew not well, whether I had best slight or pity you. But I was not long undetermin'd in my Choice of the latter; especially when I considered the Inadvertency of your Youth, with a voluptuous Education, joined to a good, and flexible Nature and Disposition innate and inherent in you.

Yet could I not, such is my Zeal for your Welfare, without a kind of Indignation, take Pen in Hand to deter you, if possible, from that destructive Course you seem to me to be running headlong into. And since you are pleased to acknowledge me your Friend, as well as Relation, I shall, as nearly as I can, manifest myself in the following Advice, as truly *one as the other*.

I could never have imagined, that all my former Discourses and inculcated Admoniti-

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ons,

ons, should make so little Impression on you. But since Words are Air, and vanish for the most Part as soon as utter'd, I shall once more, for your Edification, fix them in these Reflections; and let it remain as a perpetual Monument between you and me, that I have faithfully, like a Friend, and *a true one*, given you timely and seasonable Advice. And afterwards, *If thou wilt hate Instruction, confess to thy Shame, that thy Destruction is of thyself.*

Remember then, that the very Word *Nubo*, *to marry*, is almost enough to be said against thee: The Greek Word is *γαμίζομαι*, or *νυμφεύομαι*, from *νέφος*, *Nubes*, *a Cloud*, for the Bride covered her Face with a Veil when she was brought to her Husband, as a Token of her being under the Power and Command of him. But though this properly belongs to the Woman, it may very well be ascribed to the Man, for how commonly she proves the Master every House almost will inform you.

'Tis at best then but a cloudy Business, or, if you will, to be married is to be under a Cloud. The Word *νέφος*, *a Cloud*, is from the Hebrew *Gnabath*, so called from its Density and thick Obscurity; as if, when married, a Man were overwhelmed in Darkness or benighted in a Fog; had given Hostages to Fortune, and, as it were, was a lost Creature in the World: It is the Impediment to great and noble Atchievements, as well as to all good and generous Enterprizes; a Hindrance to Preferment, and, which is worst of all, a Rock

Rock on which many are split to one that is saved; since, for the most Part, a Man thereby seldom fails to mar his Fortune: For the Word signifies no less, *Adversity* and *Trouble*, or a *Multitude*, that cover and darken as Clouds do; or, if you like it better, a *Multitude of Afflictions, Adversities, Troubles.*

Wedlock is a Bondage, a Yoke, *Jugum ex Jugo*, stuff with Miseries, Cares, Fears, Discontents, Vexations. The *Atlantick* or *Irish* Seas are not half so turbulent as a litigious Wife; this induced the Devil when he had Power to rob *Job* of all, to leave him his Wife only to torment him. *Better dwell on the House Top, than with a brawling Wife—or in the Wilderiness with Tygers, Bears, and all manner of savage Creatures.—The Contentions of a Woman are a continual Dropping *; —No Wickedness like unto her, she makes a sorry Heart, an heavy Countenance, a wounded Mind, weak Hands, and feeble Knees †.—*And thus does it most truly become a heavy Yoke.

What Men, what Families, my Friend! have been undone by their Wives! The first Woman and Wife, though *Flesh of Adam's Flesh*, was she not found by him and all his Posterity, *more Bone than Flesh*? Was she not the Introducer of Sin and Death? *Solomon*, the wisest of Men, was it not by his Wives that his *Heart turned aside after other Gods*? *Sampson*, the strongest of Men, was he not by *Dalilah* deceived to lose his Strength, his

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Eyes,

* *Prov.* † *Eccles.*

Eyes, his Life? The Wife of *Job*, did she not tempt him even to *curse God*? In profane Story have we not *Socrates* perpetually plagued with a *Xantippe*? Our *Edward* the Second, murdered by the Means of his *Isabella*? And *St. Lues* tormented by *Elevara*? With Millions of such like Examples. Nay, how common is it to find *Marriage* the Hindrance of our Course Heaven-ward, making many say with that foolish Fellow in *St. Luke*, *I have married a Wife, and cannot come*. *St. Paul* might most justly conclude, such as *marry shall have Trouble in the Flesh*. They that enter into Wedlock may well expect Variety of Molestations, many Vicissitudes, Vexations, Afflictions on Afflictions, and daily new Changes from better to worse, from Pleasure to Pain, from Joy to Grief.

This Hint, my Friend, will easily appear true, if we but a little examine and consider the *Designs*, the *Intentions*, the *Ends of Matrimony*; the very *Reasons themselves of Love or Fondness*; and compare them with a single Life. So shall we be the better able to judge of that Condition, and clearly see whether there be any thing truly desirable or inviting in that State of Marriage, which you seem so much to solicit and admire. *Dulce bellum inexpertis*, War, to those who know it not, is sweet. He that never endured Hardship, nor came within Gunshot more than in Contemplation, thinks it an excellent Thing to be a Soldier, when he reads of the Conquests of *Alexander*,

der, the Triumphs of *Cæsar*, the Trophies of *Achilles*, and the like. So whilst they consume their Time in kissing, toying, fooling and dallying, they think themselves in *Paradise*; they have strange Chimeras of the Felicities of a wedded Life, and become in Love with a Yoke; they long for Fetters, they run mad till they have lost their Freedom, and are entirely undone.

The chief Ends and Designs of Marriage, I think may fairly be reduced to two, *viz.* *Society*, and the *Continuation of our Kind*.

Indeed did Marriage always, always, did I say! Nay, but once in a thousand Times, answer the End of *Society*; could it but make us agree as we ought; could we be *equally* coupled, and so draw the same Way in our Yoke, (for remember 'tis *but a Yoke* at best) and thus make our Lives sociable by doing each of us our respective Part, then were it an happy State, then might it be called a Heaven upon Earth.

But let us consider a little, what this sweet Society in Marriage is; and then, whether or no it is *usually* to be found. *First*, There is something to be done on both Sides to make it a *true* Marriage.

As, the Man is to love the Woman with a sincere, constant, entire, pure and chaste Love, as *Christ* loved the *Church*, or as he loves himself, or *his own Flesh*; cherishing her with all Kindness and Tendernefs, letting her want nothing in his Power, that is requisite for her Quality; covering her Weakness; and avoiding

ing all Bitterness, all injurious or vexatious Words or Actions towards her; giving her rather Honour and Respect, because she is the weaker Vessel; advising meekly, instructing, directing and counselling her in all Things soberly; *dwelling with her according to Knowledge **, in the Fear of the Lord; forsaking all other, keeping solely to her alone, defending and vindicating her from all Injuries, and the like. And the *Woman is to obey and submit to her Husband's Authority*, as unto *Christ himself, as it is fit in the Lord*; because *she was made out of Man, of his Rib*. And she *was made for him, and not he for her*; Besides *she was first in the Transgression †*, reverencing his Person, giving him all due Respects, as her Head, in Word and Deed, Carriage and Deportment, assisting him in every Thing, such as to tender his Soul; to cherish his Body; to manage his Estate and Family; and to encrease it, if possible; and preserve it; promoting his Credit and Affairs, especially in his Calling; preserving his Name and Credit, locking up his Secrets in her Bosom; and manifesting in all Respects that she is a *Wife*, that is, an *Helpmeet*; not merely an *Help* to her Husband, but a *meet Help*. The Man else to say the best, has married only a *Woman*, not a *Wife*.

Thus might Marriage be a sweet, a sociable Condition: And could you but meet with such a Wife, happy indeed might be your Lot: Then should

* 1 Pet. iii. 7.

† 1 Tim. ii. 14.

should it be the very first Advice I would presume to offer to you.

But when we find perhaps an hundred thousand Shipwreck'd, for one that arrives to the Haven of Contentment in Marriage; it should make you, methinks, tremble, and be extremely fearful how you enter into so tempestuous, so dangerous an Ocean, so full of Rocks, so perpetually molested with impetuous Storms.

To examine this a little closely, let us duly, rightly, and without Prejudice, consider, where a good Wife is to be found? *Behold this have I found, counting one by one, to find out the Account; one Man of a Thousand have I found, but a Woman among all those have I not found,* said the wisest*, and one too that had no small Experience in the Sex. Do but remember, that Beauty and Honesty seldom agree. *Can she be fair and honest too?* Strait Personages have often crooked Conditions; fair Faces, foul Vices; and frequently, which is worse, Folly to boot. *Non generum sed malum genium: non nurum, sed furiam, non vitæ comitem sed litis femitem domi habebit.* Marriage is a Lottery, nay, the greatest Hazard imaginable; an *East-India* Voyage is not half so perilous; you are made or marr'd, just as it happens. If her disposition is to be humorous or peevish, when she has not all to her Mind, you had better be out of the World; there's nothing but Discontent, nothing but one continued Noise

* Eccles. vii. 27. 28.

Noise and Strife. If she be not quite so wise as she should be, you had better have married an Image of Stone; for she'll disgrace you at all Times and Places; she'll ruin all your Affairs. — And if she be wise, 'tis as bad, if not worse; for she'll slight you and your Judgment, and be sure to be peremptory: She'll rule all herself, though with *Phaeton* she destroy all. If she be not neat and cleanly, you will loath her; if too curious and delicate, she'll ruin you that Way, she'll spend your Substance; *All Arabia*, says *Lucian*, *will not serve to perfume her Hair*. If she be a Beauty, and disposed to Gaiety, she'll put you quickly into *Acteon's* Livery. Is she homely or ugly? she'll paint; oh! most odious! If she dont, her very Looks will themselves prove a sufficient Antidote against Love. Is she an old Maid? 'tis an hundred to one but she dies of her first Child. Is she a young one? 'tis as hazardous whether she have Breeding; or Discretion to manage the Business of your House; but buxom and lustful, and if not pleased you know *where*, and *when*, you had as good be hanged at once, for she'll cuckold you and make you weary of your Life. Is it a rich Widow you would marry, you are for ever ruined; she'll not only make away all before-hand to her Children, but continue as long as she lives to furnish them out of your Estate; the *Italian* Proverb has it, (*he that marries a Wife with five Children, marries six Thieves*.) Besides, she'll certainly torment you for ever with

with the Virtues of her first Husband, tho' he never had any, than which what can be more odious? So that if you choose a Widow, be-fore let it be such an one whose first Husband was at least hanged, to avoid the Plague of being dinned with this and that about *his* good Qualities, which must needs speak a Defect in *you*; and will not *this*, think you, be exceedingly pleasant and agreeable to your Spirit? On the other Side, If you marry a *young* Widow, tis ten to one but she'll ask more than you are able to give her, and then the Word *Husband* will be a very pretty Vizard Mask for her to hide her Tricks. The very Name of being married is enough to salve all her Sores, Slips and Abominations. If she be of no Fortune and wants Virtue, she'll bring Sorrow, Trouble, and Beggary itself, with her, which is worst of all. If she be rich, well-born, and of any high or numerous Family, you will be undone by her Friends perpetually hanging upon you: She'll be so lofty, and insolently imperious, that you had better at once be dead out of the Way; for she must rant, revel, say and do what she lists in this her *Oligarchi-cal* Government, and beggar you at last. In taking a Portion you sell your Freedom and Liberty, and become a Slave for the Day of Marriage complete, viz. *her Wedding Night, and Day of Death*; and so the Evening and the Morning makes *that* Day.

These and innumerable such Torments, Miseries, Vexations, Anxieties, are the Con-
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comitants,

comitants, my Friend, of a married Life. How! canst thou marry then? What sayest thou now? Art thou still mad enough to desire a Wife? Take warning by him whom thou knowest was almost ruined by a disaffectionate and undutiful one. *Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*

Is there any *Society*, think you, in all this? Are such Women *Helps* to Men? 'Tis much better for a Man, therefore, to be alone, than joined to one that will put him out of himself, put him besides his Wits and Senses, and make him neither enjoy himself nor others.

But this is not all, Let us now a little consider the Reasons of your Love, if there be any, and on what Grounds and Basis they are bottomed, that you may, if possible, be weaned from this itching Humour of yours, this *Amabilis insania*, this sweet Frenzie. For, by so much the more do I really pity you beyond those that are in *Bedlam*, by how much you exceed them in Madneſs.

In the first Place, then suffer me to tell you, and that plainly as a Friend, what Love is; I mean that Devil-passion of Love which thou art in; especially as I desire nothing more thereby, than your Welfare, by preventing your Ruin here, and perhaps for ever hereafter.

I doubt not you will accept what I say to you, as kindly as it was intended; and I define it thus, a *Desire bred out of Liking*; it is impossible to love, and to be wise, as will be

be seen hereafter ; *Plato* calls it *magnus Dæmon*, the great Devil ; though I am sufficiently sensible the *Platonists* do usually term the good as well as bad Angels, Δαίμονες. And *Plotinus* makes a Question, whether it be a Devil or a God, or whether it be partly one, and partly the other, or a Passion, and concludes, it participates of all three. However, here we are to distinguish ; which that we may the better do, it will not be impertinent to examine the several Sorts of Love, their Beginning, Nature, Objects, Difference, Extent, Power, and whether it be a Virtue, or a Vice, Good or Bad, &c.

I say, in the Definition, it is a *Desire bred out of Liking* ; and I told you elsewhere, that *Desire is a Passion disposing the Soul to will what is good whether present or absent*. To which add, that as *Desire* wishes, *Love* enjoys ; like *Jacob* and *Esau*, one takes the other by the Heel ; and when *Desire* ceases, *Love* is enjoyed ; *Desire* is absent, *Love* is present. Now, as this *Desire* is bred out of *Liking*, we may make as many Sorts of *Love*, as there are Objects, which either are always good, or seem to be so ; *omne pulchrum amabile*, every beautiful Thing is amiable, lovely, and good.

From the aforesaid Goodness, proceeds *Beauty* ; from *Beauty*, *Grace*, and *Comeliness*. These are *Hippocrates's* Twins, and are divers, as they arise from divers Objects ; and so they affect and please the Eye, the Ear, the Feeling and other Senses, which compel us to

Love, and make us desire the Fruition of the Object; to *Seeing* and *Hearing*, belong *Beauty* and *Grace* chiefly; but to all the rest of the Senses, Pleasure: For were it not really so, or pleasing and gracious in our Eyes, we should not desire. Whence *Plato* defines it thus: "Beauty is a lively shining, a sparkling
 " Brightness, resulting from effused Good by
 " Ideas, Seeds, Reasons, Shadows, stirring
 " up our Minds, that by this Good they may
 " be united and made one." There is an Intellectual Love, as GOD, who is Love in the Abstract, and so, Love may be said to be without Father or Mother, being before the World was; and indeed, the Procatartick Cause of the World's Creation and Redemption.

Ante Deos omnes primum generavit Amorem.

And so the *Angels* manifest their Love towards poor Mortals here on Earth, in rejoicing at the Conversion of us miserable Sinners, and in guarding us; and therefore, I think, I may say, without the Imputation of Superstition, they pray and make Intercession for us. Men have also an intellectual Love, founded either on Pleasure, Honesty, or Profit. To the first are reserved all delightful Objects, Women, Children, Friends, fine Edifices, &c. To the second, Virtue, Wisdom, and all that is good. To the last, Profit, Health, Wealth, Honour, which seem indeed rather to be Desire, Covetousness and Ambition, than Love. However, to these are all the Desires and Loves of Mankind referable, though various, you see, as the Objects.

Among

Among the innumerable ravishing Objects which excite us to Love, and captivate our Souls, Beauty, though the most common, is not the least. There is a Beauty arising from GOD: There is one Beauty of the Soul, another of the Body. A Comeliness and Grace in *Virtue*, and a refulgent Beauty. A Beauty from Speech, Gesture, Deportment, Action, Shape and Form of Creatures, &c. and their Names vary accordingly. As the Love of Womens Beauty is termed Lust; of Pleasure, Concupiscence; of Honour, Ambition; of Money, Covetousness, &c. And is either Virtue or Vice; Good or Bad. A pious Love there is, as well as one *heroick*, *vain*, and *fantastical*. As *Pausanius* makes two Venus's, one ancient and without a Mother, from Heaven and Coelestial, the other younger begotten of *Jupiter* and *Dion*, which we commonly call *Venus*. The latter of which, is the Devil thou art possessed with; for so *Ficinus*, in his Comment on the Place, calls these two Sorts of Love-Devils; or, good and bad Angels, (to speak to the common Capacity) that are still attending on our Souls. The former elevates our Spirits and Souls to Heaven; the latter depresses them to Hell. The first is from GOD; the latter from the DEVIL. *Lucian* says, "one Love was born in the Sea, which is
 "raging in young Mens Breasts, as the Sea
 "itself, and cause burning Lust; the other is
 "that golden Chain which was let down from
 "Heaven, and with a divine Rage ravishes our
 "Souls

“Souls made after the Image of God, stirring
 “us up to comprehend the innate and incorrup-
 “tible Beauty, to which we were once created.”

The former Devil, however, that thou hast in thee carries the Bell, and is most commonly received for *Venus*. From whence this Devil came, whence he sprang, and what his Original was, is hard to determine. Some think this *troublesome Fellow* to be begotten by *Porus* the God of Liberality and Generosity, of *Penia*, *Poverty*; when she came a begging to a Place, where all the *Gods* were invited to a Merry-meeting on *Venus's* Birth-day, when *Porus* half fuddled begot him, quite intoxicated with *Penia*; and therefore *Venus*, ever since, attends upon him. Others tell us he was prior to all the *Gods*, and sprang from *Terra* and *Chaos*; many, again, will have it, that at first, Men were as it were double, having two Heads, four Arms, four Feet, &c. And for their Pride, thinking themselves in no wise inferior to the *Gods*, were by them, at a general Council, divided into two; and so by Love, they hope to be again made one. And this Fiction agrees very well with *Moses*, *Male* and *Female*, says he, were in one *Flesh*; * and when separated, made one *Flesh* again. And this Fancy has given others Occasion to feign it thus; that *Vulcan*, the God of *Smiths*, meeting, once upon a Time, two Lovers, he bid them ask what they would of him,

* Gen. i. 27. compared with Gen. ii. 24. Matt. xix. 6. Ephes. v. 31.

him, and he would grant it; they begged to be new forged in his Laboratory, and to be made one, which he presently did, and true Lovers have ever since, either became one, or at least desired to be so. Others again, will have this *Brat* to be the very same Fire *Prometheus* fetched from Heaven. But when we have done all, we must conclude his Pedigree to be so ancient as no Poet could ever yet find out his Antiquity, being as old as the World itself; or at least as the Existence and Being of Man. Begotten only of Fancy, and an Idle, itching Humour, not worthy a sober Man's Thought.

And yet, as idle as it is, such is its Universality and sovereign Power, that it has given Occasion, not perhaps unjustly, to the *Poets*, to esteem him a God, and that of the first Rank, commanding *Jupiter* himself to descend in a golden Shower, and to be metamorphosed into a Bull, a Shepherd, a Satyr, a Swan, a Cuckoo, or any other Shape to enjoy his Desire: Nay, as *Lucian's Juno* upbraids him, even *Cupid's Play-game*. And the same Author brings him in, complaining of *Cupid* tormenting him at such a Rate, he could enjoy no Quiet for him. Sullen *Saturn* also was actuated by this Heat, and became his meer Slave all over *Crete*. Neither could the furious God of War, *Mars*, resist his Strokes, but became his Captive; making him roar louder than *Stentor*, and tript up his Heels, so that he covered nine Acres of Ground with his
Fall.

Fall. So *Vulcan* being cast down from Heaven by him, though he was a Summer's Day in falling, at last struck upon *Lemnos Isle*, broke his Leg, and bitterly complained of his Fury. In like Manner he insulted *Mercury*, *Pan*, *Bacchus*, and the rest. *Neptune* himself with his Ocean could nor quench one of his Flames. And frigid *Cynthia* bewails the Tortures he put her in for *Endymion*. *Hercules*, the great Subduer of Monsters, was himself subdued by him. And *Apollo* that cured, as he thought, all Diseases, could not find out a Remedy for his Wound. Nay he spared, not his own Mother *Venus*, but tost her from Pillar to Post, from Heaven to Mount *Ida*, for *Anchises*, thence for the *Assyrian Youth* to *Libanus*: Notwithstanding she threatned, as *Plutarch* has it, to clip his Wings, break his Bow, and severely whip him.

Nor does he only tyrannize thus over the Gods, but even *Devils* too. Instances of which we are most plentifully furnished with from Authors worthy of Credit; as the *Telchines* Lusts and Rapes recorded by the *Platonists*, the innumerable Relations of those, *Incubi* and *Succubi*, *Fawns*, *Satyrs*, *Nymphs*, met with almost in every Book, who were nothing indeed but *Devils*; nay, and *Moses* tells us, the *Sons of God*, which were the *Angels*, went into the *Daughters of Men*, seeing them to be fair, and of them begat *Giants*, and this *Lactantius* confirms, where he says, " God sent Angels
" to the Tuition of Men, but whilst they lived
" among

“ among us, the Prince of Darkness burning
 “ in Lust tempted them by little and little to
 “ this Wickedness.” But it is more common
 with the infernal Angels, who, it is said, have
 been frequently married to Men and Women.
Senertus gives us an Instance of one *Barbara Vortubers*,
 who confessed, *Anno 1624*, she had of-
 ten laid with the Devil, and was impregnated
 by him of two hirsute Creatures like Mice,
 hairy, and black, which she bore but a Month
 before she was delivered. *Sabine* informs us
 of a Gentleman of *Bavaria*, who excessively
 lamenting the Loss of his Wife, the Devil,
 in her Likeness, came and comforted him,
 promising him to live with him again,
 if he would leave his Cursing and Swear-
 ing, which he was much addicted to, and be
 new-married, which consenting to, he lived
 with this cunning *Succubus*, she governed
 his House, had many Children by him, but
 was always pale and melancholy; till one
 Day she fell out with him, and he swearing
 at her, she immediately vanished, and was
 never seen more. But such like Examples are
 infinite in these sage Writers; I particularize
 no more therefore in this Case, but refer you
 to the Authors for farther Satisfaction.

And our very Eyes will evince us, how it
 hurries Brutes and Birds into its Trap; it
 makes them outrageous enough to kill each
 other, as is frequently seen in Horses, Dogs,
 Bulls, Boars, Stags, Game-Cocks, Swans,
 &c.

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Nay,

Nay, the very inanimate World is not exempted from his Fury and Tyranny; we see the *Loadstone* draw *Iron*; the *Olive* and the *Myrtle*, the *Ivy* and the *Oak* embrace each other; and a great Sympathy there is between the *Vine* and the *Elm*; and as great a Hatred between the *Vine* and the *Bay-tree*; the latter is killed if set near the former. But that which is as remarkable as any, is that of the *Palm-tree*, *Male* and *Female*, which grow in Love if they be set within Sight of each other, and exceedingly refresh'd, when the Winds bring the Scent of one to the other; whence it is a present Cure, if these Trees, at any Time, begin to pine and wither, or if they thrive not well, to tie the Branches of the one to the Body of the other, whereby both flourish the better.

Thus, you see, there is an intellectual, natural, sensible, and a rational Love, which last is applied to Men, because they are rational Creatures, or ought to be; not that heroick Love is to be termed rational, it being, indeed, nothing but filthy Lust, and so, the Truth is, deserves not the Name of Heroick; but so, however, it is commonly termed, because the Grandees and Heroes of the World are, and have been most addicted to it. The Rationality of which is next to be examined.

All this being considered, it will easily appear, that *Plotinus's* Words are true; that this Devil Love, is not only partly Devil, partly Passion; but really, and in Truth, the God of Gods;

Gods; subjecting all unto himself; to whom all give Obeisance and Adoration, through their own sensual Appetites, which leads them thus Captive. A filthy burning Lust, not worthy the Name of *Love*, and nothing else, is this great God. *Aristophanes* says well therefore, that he was, with Scorn and Shame, cast out of the Council and Society of the Gods, banish'd Heaven, confined to this lower Region of the Earth, and had his Wings clip'd, that he might come no more among them.

I must confess to you, that I acknowledge an honest Love their is, and natural, which none alive can, or ever could, resist; talk what they will of the Stoicks, they must be Stocks, and not Men, that love not a Woman, that are not inclinable to their Embraces; not moved with their pretty Tricks, Allurements and Devices, which are *incantationes instar*; so many Charms. But, why these should induce you to marry, without more excellent Endowments of the Soul, I see not, my Friend, they being, when weigh'd, too light in the Ballance: And that this may be the more apparent, I shall reduce the Grounds on which Love is built, to these six Divisions. 1. *Virtue, Piety and Honesty.* 2. *Beauty.* 3. *Riches, Greatness.* 4. *Apparel, Deportment.* 5. *Familiarity, Discourse, Singing, Musick, Dancing.* 6. *Lust.* Goodly Grounds all! as they will appear sure enough, when we have carefully search'd into them.

'Tis your *Infirmity*, not Nature, makes these so amiable to you, and makes her lovely in your Sight; neither is she *really* so, forasmuch as no Man else is of your Mind: Or, to speak the best of it, since you can give no Reason for Love, evident it is, 'tis nothing but thy Fancy, than which, what is more idle, vain and ridiculous?

But that it may the plainer appear to you, we will look a little into them all in order, and we shall find, that the sensitive Faculty in you, over-rules, for the most Part, your Reason; your Soul becomes deluded, and your Understanding captivated like a Beast: And then I hope you will be of another Mind and Resolution.

I must needs say, my Friend, Love, when rightly founded, has, in my Opinion, the sure Basis of *Virtue*, and *Honour*. This is, or ought to be, the only Ground and Reason of our Love. For thus we may be sure of a good *Companion*, and an *Help meet*, when we marry a *Soul*, and not a *meer Body*. This Love grounded on *Virtue*, and *Honesty*, if it be really so, cannot deceive. And, when you have found such a Woman, I may say with the Son of *Sirach*, *Depart not from a Wise and good Woman that is fallen unto thee for thy Portion in the Fear of the Lord, for her Grace is above Gold. Blessed is he that has a virtuous Wife, for the Number of his Years shall be doubled. An honest Woman rejoiceth her Husband, and she shall fill the Years of his Life with*

with Peace. *A virtuous Woman is a good Portion, and a Gift to such as fear the Lord; whether they be rich or poor, they shall at all Times have a chearful Countenance. If there be in a Woman's Tongue Gentleness, Meekness, and wholesome Talk, then is not her Husband like other Men. He that have gotten a virtuous Woman, hath begun to get a Possession; she is an Help, like unto himself, and a Pillar to rest upon. And with Solomon, Who can find a virtuous Woman, for her Price is far above Rubies. The Heart of her Husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of Spoil: She will do him Good and not Evil all the Days of her Life. A gracious Woman retaineth Honour. A virtuous Woman is a Crown to her Husband. Such Women as these, undoubtedly, fear the Lord, and such Women shall be praised.*

But should your Love be grounded on any other Foundation than this of *Virtue*, there can be no real Content or Quiet. Love is converted into Hatred, Contention, Envy and all Manner of Unquietness; whereas *Virtue*, Piety and Honesty knit the Bonds of Matrimony, and encrease as well as cement Love. For I am of Opinion with the *Stoicks*, who held that a wise Man or Woman is the only Beauty; forasmuch as the Lineaments of the Mind are far more comely than those of the Body, and more amiable.

Such a Woman as this I am speaking of, I could willingly wish you had met with, *Hic labor, hoc opus est*. But so rare is she to be met

met with; I fear, you will find yourself as well as others deceived, by their Hypocrisies, Camelion-like-Diffemblings, Flatteries, outside Formalities, pretended Honesty, Religion, Love, Modesty, Virtue, counterfeit Gestures and Looks, and such like, which surprize and rob Men of their Senses and their Hearts, and deceive them at last: And nothing more difficult in this licentious Age, than to distinguish such Women. Let me entreat you, therefore, to be aware how you adventure.

The wisest tells us, *They have smooth and flattering Words. Their Lips drop as a Honeycomb, and their Mouths are smoother than Oil; but their End is bitter as Wormwood, sharp as a two-edged Sword.* Their is a deal of Danger in them, though they ravish with their Discourse: Their Words tend to Deceit, nay, so subtle are they, that the wisest, the greatest, the stoutest have been captivated by them, by their specious Pretences, their dissembling Speeches, their very Looks. Solomon himself fell by them, our Henry the Second was catch'd by his Rosamond; Edward the Fourth, by his Jane Shore; Holofernes, by Judith; Achilles, by Briseis; Solyman the magnificent, by Roxolana; Ajax, by Tecmessa; Sampson, by Dalilah; David, by Bathsheba; the Elders, by Susannah. Their Virtue and Piety lye only in their Tongues: And thence may you judge where lyes their Honesty. The Son of Sirach also tells us, *That Women lead*
wise

wise Men out of the Way, and put Men of Understanding to Reproof. If thou art hasty to credit them, thou art light minded. In another Place, you will find him thus exclaiming, I had rather dwell with a Lion and Dragon, than keep House with a wicked Wife; agreeing with Solomon, that it is better to dwell in a Corner of the House Top, than with a brawling Woman in a wide House. Again, it is better to dwell in the Wilderness, than with a contentious and angry Woman. An odious married Woman he makes to be one of the three Things that disquieteth the Earth: For as a Jewel of Gold in a Swine's Snout, so is a fair Woman without Discretion. And the Son of Sirach will warrant thee, As the climbing up of a sandy Way is to the aged, so is a Wife full of Words to a quiet Man. The greatest Heaviness, is the Heaviness of the Heart, and the greatest Malice, is the Malice of a Woman: Give me any Plague, save only the Plague of the Heart; and any Malice, save the Malice of a Woman; or any Assault, save the Assault of them that hate; and any Vengeance, save the Vengeance of a Woman. There is not a more wicked Head than the Head of a Serpent; and there is no Wrath, above the Wrath of a Woman. The Wickedness of a Woman changeth her Face, and maketh her Countenance black as a Bear. Her Husband is sitting among his Neighbours, and because of her he sigheth sore, e'er he be aware. And so concludes, that all Wickedness is but little to the Wickedness of a Woman. And, as a Curse, therefore, he prays,

prays, *That the Portion of the Sinner may be to fall upon her.*

Observe but the Families you converse with, and thus you will find many Women, full of Self-ends, Ill-nature, Obstinaey, Craft, Rebellion, Pride, Hypocrisy, Lightness, Deceit, Jealousy, Envy, Malice, Self-will, insatiable Lust, and what not, that is mischievous, never good but when they are pleased, and that's more difficult, than to find out the Longitude, the Creeks and Sounds of the North-East and North-West Passages, or to rectify the Gregorian Calendar, the Chronological Errors in the *Affyrian* Monarchy, square a Circle, or perfect the Motions of *Mars* and *Mercury*. Nothing will please her but Contention and Strife, and the Torment of her Husband, which she most delights in. Like the *Devil*, she is the grand Tormentor, studying how he may still be bringing railing Accusations; and, if possible, she exceeds him, being much of his own Nature: And therefore he knew the best Way to destroy Mankind was to tempt *her* first, to infuse his damnable Principles into *her*, which she has ever since retain'd and augmented with Advantage; so that now she is at least equal with (if she does not excel) his *Infernal Majesty* in *Deceit*, and all Manner of *Mischief*. I shall conclude therefore with the *Poet*,

Fæmina

Fœmina nulla bona est, sed si bona contigit ulla,

Cum jacet in Thalamo, cum jacet in Tumulo,

Never so good, as when in Bed, or Dead.

Shew me, my Friend, but two in twice two thousand that are not as I have described them. Nay, even among the most pious of them; ransack the holiest Sisters of them all, so shall I be content you burn all I have said, and all that follows, and abandon me thy Friendship for ever to boot. If *Women* in general be so bad, what Hazard is it then to marry? And if so, I admonish you once again, keep yourself as you are; 'tis best to be free, and at Liberty. For as honest *Chaucer* has it,

Marriage is like a Revel Rout,

He that is out, would fain get in,

He that is in, would fain get out.

And therefore, with the *Philosopher*, make Answer to your Friends that importune you to marry, *adhuc intempestivum*, 'tis yet unseasonable; and so let it always be.

And thus much for Womens Virtue, Piety and Honesty. Descend we now to *Beauty*, and see if this be grounded sufficiently on *Reason*, or at least sufficiently for you to build your *Matrimony* upon; your *all* indeed, for

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upon

upon it depends *all thy future Happiness*. And indeed, as I said before, *this*, among the various Inducements to Love, though one of the most common, is not the least.

True Beauty consists in a due Proportion and Symmetry of Parts. I know you Lovers seldom look farther than the Face, if that be fair, and *York* and *Lancaster* mix'd in her Cheeks; if she have a high, smooth Forehead, a cherry Lip, a black Eye, and Eye-Brows, a Love-Dimple in the Chin or Cheek, or both; clean Teeth, an ivory Neck, Hair black as jet, and that which is *Instar omnium*, round, full, soft and white about the Bosom: Then she wounds deep, then she ravishes and captivates all that behold her; she is adored like a Goddess wherever she goes or turns; she strikes an Awe as well as Love and Admiration into all her Spectators. The Beauty of *Helen*, stopped and calmed the rash Fury of *Menelaus*; her very Looks made him spurn away his Sword, when with full Resolution he went with it naked, vowing to kill her, as the Cause of the *Trojan Miseries*, and converted his *Indignation* and *Wrath* into *Embraces*. Indeed the very *Barbarians* stand in Awe of, and are daunted at the Sight of a *Beautiful Woman*.

But who can tell where this Beauty is! wherein this Symmetry consists! It is true, she is most delicate in *thine* Eye — but in no one's else. We may say of Beauty, as we do of
Palates,

Palates, there can be no Dispute about it, that which delights me, is perhaps displeasing to another, and even disgustful to the Taste or Eye of a third. *Quot Homines, tot Sententiæ*, many Men, many Minds. 'Tis your *Fancy*, and that alone, which makes her handsome, fair, beautiful, lovely; so that when all's done, you are but in Love with your own *Fancy*, and adore an Image of your own erecting. And what more idle and ridiculous!

Admit she be as beautiful as you imagine, (for 'tis but your Imagination at best) a *None-such*, the *Phoenix of the World*, like *Venus' Self* when she was a Virgin, or whatever you will have her; the *Wonder of Nature*. All's not worth a Rush, not worth a sober Thought, if *Virtue* be not joined with it. It is gone with a Puff, a Breath of Sickness, and is as unstable as the Wind, or her own Mind; as fading as a Flower; a Fever shrivels it into nothing; the Small-Pox turns it into Deformity. After two or three Children, she'll grow so out of Shape, her nearest Kindred will hardly know her. Besides, how often does Folly attend Beauty! *Fair and Foolish*, is a common Proverb, or wanton Lust which is worse: As the Song goes, can she, be fair and honest too? she must needs be exposed to many Temptations, and all, for what is but Skin deep. Favour is deceitful, and Beauty vain, it signifies nothing. When you see therefore a beautiful Woman, consider, 'tis but a Bundle

dle of Clay, Dust and Ashes, you admire; she has a handsome Face perhaps, and an ill-shaped Body, examine every Part, view her narrowly, and instead of loving, you will rather loath her. Calcagninus in his Apologies tells us of a Love-sick Fellow, who heartily desired to be his Mistress's Ring, to see, feel, and I know not what; As that thou art, said the Ring, wert thou in, my Place, thou wouldst see enough, not only to hate and abominate her, but it may be, all other Women for her Sake. Thus easy as it is to be deceived in this vain Fancy of Beauty: Let us proceed then to the next of Riches and Greatness.

Every Man almost would think this should be a very sure and good Ground for Marriage; none better, it being the only or chief Thing, that many, if not most, marry for. *Dea Monetæ*, the Sovereign Goddess of the World, they sacrifice to her in every Corner. All their Care and Industry is to gain Wealth, for which they study, ride, run, and trudge about, will work and pare, venture Limbs, Life, and all, for Money. And if you have but this itching Humour upon you, and marry merely for Money, the Lord have Mercy upon you, for it is neither Match nor Marriage, but *Whoredom* all thy Life long. If she marries thee for that End only, she is at best a *lawful Whore*; she can be no other; and has given thee a Lease of her Body, during Life, for a Jointure, it may be, a thousand Times more than her Bo-

dy is worth. There can be no Love in such Matches, they are odious and abominable in the Sight of GOD, and all honest Men.

I am sensible that next to *Virtue, Piety and Honesty*, a competent Estate is a most requisite Expedient to alleviate the Miseries and Inconveniences of a married Life. But Sots as we are, to be curious in the Choise of our Horses, Game-cocks, Dogs and Pigeons, and in the weighty Matter of our *Posterity*, to be remiss. To marry a deformed Piece of Mortality for a little Money, and thus frequently to leave behind us a crook-back'd, flat-nosed, bow-legg'd, squint-ey'd, left-handed, ugly, infirm, weasel-fac'd, diseased, half-witted, hair-brain'd, nonsensical, and coxcomical Idiot, not only to possess our *Estates*, but our *Names*, and to build up our Families. Can any Thing be more ridiculous? What Love can you bear to such a Woman? 'tis the *Wealth* you marry, 'tis the *Wealth* you love; and how is she then your *Companion*, your *Help-meet*. If therefore, you marry for *Riches* merely, or *Greatness*, may you wear *Ac- teed's Livery*, live high, and die a *Wretch*.

Another Ground and Reason of Love, with such Love-sick Gentlemen as you, is *Apparel and Deportment*; this for certain is one of the greatest Baits to entrap *Fools*, that look only to the outside of Things, that regard the Shell, and neglect the Kernel. The greatest Incitement to Love, and Provocative to Lust, ima-
ginable;
Every

ginable; Beauty is nothing to it, nay, Beauty would be almost nothing without it. The *English Proverb* says, *G O D makes, but Man shapes*. And it is clear, that Beauty is more beholden to Art than Nature, if we reflect, that a Man is less tempted by seeing a Woman naked, than in her Silks, Embroideries, Jewels, Rings, Curls, Laces, &c. These not only captivate; they *intoxicate* shallow Pates. Perfumes and Apparel are every Thing to such Mortals. Take her as Nature made her *naked*, or look upon her stript of her borrowed Feathers, and she'll be but little amiable, if at all; nothing desirable; She'll be, perhaps, rather an Antidote against Love. True Love is grounded on *Virtue*, not on these low, mean, sordid Outfides: Shadows, Vanities, Fooleries all! Ask *Travellers*, if you'll not believe me; they'll tell you, when they converse with Women, whose Custom is always to go naked as they were born; they have no amorous Fancies, no Desires, they rather loath the Thoughts of them, they detest a *Woman* as a *Beast*, shall I say! why they are so much alike, they scarcely make any Difference between them; so little are they provoked by *seeing all*. A laced Shoe, a Silk Stocking, or a rich Petticoat, will tempt thee more, and make thee mad, after THAT which they were not moved for when they saw Hundreds of them.

Every

Every other Deportment and Gesture of the Body is as bewitching, as taking, and no doubt, as forceable a Persuasive; and some are as much taken with a *Smile*, as Conversation, and perhaps more. And so Love becomes, as indeed it is, a *meer Foolery*, a *Juggle*, a *Fascination*. Every Humour may take, and does, according as it meets with a fit Receptacle. A *Woodcock* is soon entangled in such Springs. 'Tis not, however, these Things in themselves that can, with any Foundation, allure at all. It is not the Eye, the Face, or ought else, does it; but the Cast, the Glance of it, the Carriage, and the seasonably adapting them to such as are easy to receive them. The *Virgin Mary*, if we may believe *Baradius*, had as bewitching Eyes, as lovely a Face, as any that ever were, but yet, *so modest*, that they were an *Antidote against Lust to all her Spectators*. Nay, *Bonaventure*, if he did not assert at a Venture, positively affirms, *her very Aspect was not only a Preservative, but an absolute Cure ever after for it*. 'Tis not therefore the *Cloaths*, the *Ornaments* about a *foolish Woman*, that takes with a *wise Man*. If she be not inwardly endowed with Virtue, Piety, and Honesty, which is rare, he will scarcely be brought to endure her, though never so outwardly adorned. Be not in love then with a laced Petticoat, an embroidered Gown, a tawdry Shoe, a silk Stocking, a Toy, a Feather, a Shadow; but *the Lady*, the fine, the well-

well-bred, the agreeable *Lady*; nor with her neither without *Piety*, *Virtue* and *Honesty*. Consider whether outward Appearances, outward Shews, are to be chosen before inward Endowments!

You remember the Story of the good-natur'd, honest, well-meaning Gentleman of *Florence* (*Gomefius* relates it) who by outward Appearances was so deceived by a *Jezabel*, thus illustriously set out with Silks, Jewels, Gold, and such Ornaments, as to take her for a Goddess instead of a Mortal. But no sooner married, then viewing her stript of her Deceits and Allurements, he found her rinkled and deformed, and himself under an Obligation of detesting her.

Let us now think a little of the foolish Lovetricks under *Familiarity* and *Discourse*; as *Kissing*, *Toying*, *Jests*, *Tales*, *Protestations*, *Vows*, *Tears*, *Threats*, and innumerable others. But they are so *vain*, and so *idle*, that for Brevity's Sake, which I always loved, I shall hint only at some few that come under this Division; and for the rest, I know you have Ingenuity enough, if you will make good Use of it, to amplify them to yourself. All the foregoing Artifices and Enchantments of Beauty, Riches, Apparel, signify nothing without some Opportunity of Converse to gain a Familiarity; and then, what is it Familiarity cannot effect in this particular? Many Matches are made up this Way for want of better Objects, and other
Choice

Choice, which they would else have contemned and slighted. How many Lords have thus married their Kitchen-Wenches, and Ladies their meanest Servants? Opportunity and Importance will, therefore, work strange Effects in Love, and has been known to be the Ruin of many a brave Man and Woman; all History, every Town and every Country, evinces this. *Achilles* was thus entrapt by *Lycomedes's* Daughter *Deidamia*; *Potiphar's* Wife with *Joseph*; the *Abbas*, and many of her Nuns, at *Berkley* in *Gloucestershire*, by *Earl Godwin's* Nephew; *Ismenius* by *Sosthenes's* Daughter *Ismene*, &c. Nay, the wonderful chaste *Ephefian* Lady, famed over all *Asia*, was catch'd in Familiarity, even in her greatest Lamentations and Grief for her Husband; nothing would comfort her, she must go into the Grave with him, and there lament, and there die; yet, even in the Midst of all this, she yields to a common *Soldier*; one that at that Time was set to watch some crucified Malefactors. In their Familiarity, one of the dead Bodies was stolen from the Cross; the Soldier's Life, became forfeited for his Carelessness, and the Lady to conceal the Theft and save her Lover, forgetting totally her inconsolable Lamentations for her Husband, consented the Soldier should hang him upon the Cross in the Place of him that had been stolen. So fickle, deceitful, and lustful, as well as subtil, are Women.

- Conversation bewitches Men, ravishes their Souls, transports them beyond themselves, and, which is most strange, when *all the Tattle* is nothing more than *Lies, Deceits, and Inventions* to entrap each other. And then— for Singing; oh, how sweetly she sings! No Musick comparable to it! Come what will, I am resolv'd I'll have her, or hang myself. She exceeds *Daphnis* and *Helena*! She outdoes the *Samian* Lasses, who commanded Kings by the Voices.

Kissing, Toying, Playing and Fooling, entangle just as much; so do their *Favours*, their *Letters*; nay, some of them will catch a *Woodcock* with a *Wink*, a *Smile*, a *Jest*, a *Nod*. They will and they won't; their very *Denial*, such is their *Artifice*, shall bring on a *desponding Dotard*. Their *Allurements*, as was once said, *are not to be recounted in a thousand Years*. They'll strongly refuse and earnestly desire the same Thing at the same Time; nobody knows where to have them till they are in Bed. Whence *Philostratus* makes divers Sorts of *Cupids* in Pictures; some of one Age, some of another, some very young, some with Wings, some like Boys, some like Girls, some with Torches, some with golden Apples, some with Darts, Gins, Snares, Nets and other Engines in their Hands; denoting, as *Propertius* relates, the various Allurements and Devices of Lovers to undo one another.

But

But all these signify little, neither is there any Thing of Value or Substance in them, to take with a sober Man, when duly and rightly considered. Prithee, what is there in an *apish, mimical Gesture*, a *Compliment A-la-mode*, in a Fellow that can talk only of the Fashions, and has some Fragments of a Play at his Fingers Ends; can sing, fiddle, and dress himself in the Fashion, and is ignorant of all History, and other Learning? Yet this is your accomplish'd Gentleman, your well-bred Person, with most of our foolish Women. Or tell me, what can you promise to yourself in fancying a *Baggage*, only for the fine Cloaths, who, when they are off, is ashamed to be seen? Especially when there is not any Thing in her, but will vanish with you, if you observe, upon your Absence; so that 'tis to be feared, its no more than your own *Fondness* and *Over-sight* that sets the *high Estimate* on all her *little Actions, Gestures, and Words*, which would not be taken Notice of, perhaps, by any but yourself. Keep but out of her Sight, and you will quickly find these make such slender Wounds, as will soon heal of themselves. Make a Covenant with your Eyes, look not upon her; What does it avail? These Matters, I confess, even to Dancing itself, are all well enough, and commendable enough, where there is *Virtue* and *Honesty* to ballance them; but that's very rare; 'tis commendable to see *Breeding*, a graceful *Deportment*,

ment, and Gesture, in a Woman; but 'tis dangerous to look on. *Joseph* ran out of his Mistress's Company. *David* saw a *Bathsheba* bathing herself, and could not refrain. And *Alexander*, when he heard how beautiful the Wife of *Darius* was, would not permit her to come into his Sight. Let all alone, see none of them: The Sight of Drink increases Thirst, and the Sight of Meat Appetite. You may see the Vanity, and the Groundlessness of these Motives to Love, if you will but go from one to another, or frequent publick Meetings, where you shall see Variety, and so perhaps, not only loath the first Choice, but, at last, be indifferent to all; as *Paris* lost *Ænones* by seeing *Helena*, and *Cressida* *Troilus*, by conversing with *Diomede*. Or as he confessed that loved *Emely*, till he saw *Flora*, and when he viewed *Cynthia*, forgot them both; but esteeming fair *Phyllis* above all, found that *Chloris* surpassed her; and yet, spying *Amarillis*, she was his sole Mistress. O Divine *Amarillis*! *Quam procera cupressi ad instar, quam elegans, quam decens!* &c. How lovely, how tall, how comely! Till he saw another, more fair. Consider, nobody else is so taken with her as thou art; 'tis but thy over-weaned Fancy, I tell thee. See her angry, merry, laugh, weep, hot, cold, sick, fullen, and thou wilt not be so fond; observe her Faults, especially those of her Mind, her Pride, Envy, Incontinency, Dissimulation, Weakness,

Weakness, Lightness, Self-will, Jealousy, &c. &c. &c. and you will soon be of another Mind; you will see your Folly presently, and the Irrationality and Folly of your Love founded on a sandy Basis. Lovers cannot judge of Beauty, nor any Thing else, 'tis that burning Lust within them that makes them taken with a Song, a Piece of Musick, a Jest, a Gesture, and the rest. And how many have I heard confess with Joy, when they have been come to themselves; how have they blamed themselves for having ever been so blind, stupid, mad, and besotted, to dote so in Love? How have they wonder'd they should be so misled by Woman?

What has been said, may also prevent your being enticed into this Fools Paradise of Love by *Dancing*; a Practice, I esteem harmless and innocent enough in itself, provided it be not abused, but done seasonably and modestly. 'Tis right without doubt, to learn them to carry their Bodies with a good Decorum and Air. Yet I'll tell thee, Friend, it has been disallow'd by many of the *Fathers*, and condemned by General Councils as a forceable Provocative to all Manner of Wickedness. *Robert*, Duke of *Normandy*, was thus catch'd by *Arlette*, the Mother of our *William* the Conqueror, seeing her dance in the Country with her Companions; *Queen Catharine*, by *Owen Tudor*; *Herod*, by *Herodias's* Daughter. Use not the Company of a Woman

man that is a Singer, or a Dancer, lest thou be taken in her Craftiness, is the Council of *Syracides*. And *Hædus* maintains, *Lust*, though it be not seen, yet is taught in *Theatres*, and these *Dancing Schools*. I shall conclude with *Tully*, *Nemo saltat Sobrius*.

And now consider seriously all that has been said, and save me a deal of Labour, touching this last Particular, *Lust*, which in plain *English*, is nothing but that which you call *Love*. That Train of Allurements, Beauty, Riches, Greatness, Apparel, Deportment, Looks, Gestures, Discourses, Familiarity, Toying, Fooling, Singing, Musick, Dancing, &c. all tend to it; tend to excite and satisfy it, and exactly delineate it, in all its Dimensions: All that our Poets, both ancient and modern, have wrote in this Kind, serve only to explain what this burning Fire of Love is. To what other End and Purpose are, I prithe thee, all those Love-Letters and lewd Songs, but to discover what is in the Breasts of these *Dixards*, or to excite the same in their *Mistresses*.

'Tis reported of the *Sultan* of *Sana's* Wife in *Arabia*, who fell so desperately in Love with the handsome *Vertomanus*, a Traveller in those Parts, that she thus bemoaned herself, O God, thou hast made this Man more beautiful than the Sun, I would be were my Husband, or that I had such a Son. She fell a Weeping, and so impatient, that she would have

have had him gone in with her, and sent two of her waiting Maids to him with many Gifts and Promises, But when he refused, she insisted to go along with him and leave all, in the Habit of his Page, that so she might enjoy him, or kill herself. And so will every one of them, when they truly love. The Passion when it takes, is in them more outrageous than in Men. And when doth it not, think you? unless they be old. Trust none of them, therefore, as to Marriage, they'll be too hard for you every Way. If you are wise, since there is such Hazard, such Deceit in the Female Sex, keep yourself as you are, 'tis best to be free.

And are not these now special Grounds and Reasons for your Love? Are not you a wise Fellow to run mad after Toys, Shadows, Things of no Moment, a Bundle of Deceit and Witchcraft.

The Continuation of our Kind, is indeed that, whereby too many are guided into strange and ridiculous Fancies. Some, I know, are so besotted with an Offspring, as to run any Hazards, Hand over Head, and quite undo themselves: The greatest Madness imaginable, if we rightly consider Things. They'll tell you Children keep up and eternize their Name; but the poorest Way is this of immortalizing them that can be, and as common to the base as the noble, to the Peasant as the King. The nobler Way

is by Actions and Works great in themselves, and Attempts, whereby a Man's Name will be engraven in his Merits and Atchievements so deep, that the Teeth of Time can never devour. And do not we commonly see the greatest Works done by single Men.

Besides, the Risk that is run for this, is it not dubious and hazardous? and yet obligatory. And admitting the Wife be virtuous, are you sure that he that shall come after thee, and possess thine Inheritance, shall be a wise Man? or a Fool? call to Mind the old Proverb, *Heroum filii noxæ*, great Mens Sons seldom do well; *Augustus* exclaims in *Suetonius*; *Jacob* had his *Reuben*, *Simeon*, and *Levi*; *David* an *Absalom* and *Adonijah*. Wife Men's Sons are commonly Fools: *Socrates's* were all so; and *Solomon's* only Son we read of, *Rehoboam*, was no other, or little better; and there is good Reason for it, their natural Spirits are often dissolved by their great Studies, and converted into Animal, whereby they give due Benevolence (as *St. Paul* prettily terms it) weakly, being most consumed in Study: They had better be Childless. 'Tis too common in the middle Sort: The Son is a Drunkard, a Gamester, a Spend-thrift; the Daughter a Fool, a W——e. If these have not good Estates, their Charge will undo them. What greater Misery than to beget Children, and leave them no better Inheritance, than *Hunger and Thirst*, joined with *Nakedness*?

Nakedness? no Plague like that of Want. And if you have Means, 'tis ten thousand to one if they will be ruled by you.

Besides, they are certain Cares, we may add, uncertain Comforts; many Times the Extravagances and Vices but of one, cause more Trouble than will ever over-balance the Pleasure in all the rest. And 'tis for the most Part seen, that the Dispositions both of Body and Mind suit more with a Brother, a Kinsman, and it may be, one farther off in Blood, then with the Children: Forasmuch as the surer Side, at least (if not both) is a Stranger to the Family. 'Tis neither Heresy nor Imprudence then, to adopt an Heir to thy Mind, though not related, equally wise with thyself, or endued with such Virtues as thou could'st wish thou hadst a Son of. Whence the *Italians* make little or no Difference between *Children*, and such as are near of Kin; so they be allied and virtuous, they matter it not: Since they can never be certain, whether their Children be their own. But enough has been said on this Subject, let us go to the last Thing premised, and compare a little the married State with a single Life.

Marriage and its Events thus considered every Way, in all Circumstances; in all its Hazards; all its Juggles and Deceits; we shall find a single Life much to be preferred.

A Bachelor then lives free, secure, contentedly, quietly, plentifully, sweetly, chearfully, happily. He has none to care for but himself; none to please, none to displease and controul him; no Charge; he may live where he will, he is his own Master; and courted by all in Hopes of being his Heir, in Hopes of Marriage, &c. Reverenced and respected wherever he comes: Every one invites him, and strives to oblige him for their own Ends.

And so on the other Side, what an excellent State is *Virginitie*. Marriage fills the Earth, Virginitie Paradise. 'Tis a never-fading Flower; whence *Daphne* was metamorphosed into a *Bay-tree*; ever green, which shews Virginitie to be immortal. A *blest* Thing in itself, the Church of Rome holds it *meritorious*; and St. *Paul* would have all like himself.

Consider, my dear Friend, what the Slavery of Marriage is; what an heavy Burden; what a Yoke; and what an uneasy one, you are undertaking; how hard a Task you'll be tied to for Life: It may be, all thy own Life. If a Wife and Children are a perpetual Bill of Charges, what Charges then, what Cares, what Miseries and Troubles? So many, and such *infinite Incumbrances* accompany this Kind of Life. When thou art married, all Gifts cease, no Friend will esteem thee, and thou shalt be compell'd to lament thy miserable Misfortune all thy Days; as being rejected by all, a meer Cast-away, a lost Creature.

Had

“ Had he not been married, I would have helped him to a brave, young, rich, and virtuous Lady, or bestowed upon him the Choice of all my Daughters; he should have lived with me as long as he pleased, without costing him a Farthing; and all this for his Company. But he has utterly undone himself: *He is married.*”

And now if we do but seriously weigh what has been said, what shall we think of those that marry again and again, after they have been set free; and are in Love with their Fetters again, doat, are besotted, run mad again? Truly, they deserve not our Pity, but are to be look'd upon as Madmen and Demoniacks. They are posset without Doubt, and if we may believe the Story that goes among the *Romanists*, are in a very desperate Condition. They tell us of some honest well-minded Fellows travelling to Heaven, (it may be Cuckolds, for they were all married) who when they came to Heaven-Gate, one knocking, St. *Peter* (whom they feign to be the Porter) asked hastily who was there; the Reply was, a poor Sinner: Oh, a Sinner, said the grave Saint; hast thou been in Purgatory? yea, quoth the Sinner; for I married a Woman that made me weary of my Life, so very a Shrew was she: Whereupon he was let in. Another of *the Shoal*, hearing what past, and how well his Comrade sped, as soon as the Door was shut again,

knocked in like Manner, and being demanded the same Question, whether he had been in Purgatory, answered Yes, for he had married *two* Shrews. Hast thou so, quoth honest *Peter*; then get thee gone to the other State, for here is no Room for Fools. A Man may pity an honest harmless Gooscap that is ensnared by a Woman once: The *Devil himself* could hardly avoid it, did he live upon *Earth*, and see the Allurements of them and their Devices. *Semel insanivimus omnes*. But to be twice mad in an Age, to be *twice in Purgatory*, is *as bad as Hell*. St. *Jerome*, a learned and holy Man, and one of the Fathers of the Church, will tell you, that to marry *at all*, is *little better than Fornication*. But to marry twice is downright——, and utterly condemned by him. What shall I say? —— Men will at last do as they please, following their *sensual Appetites*. Yet this I will say, *to be carnally minded is Death*. Nay, St. *Jerome* goes farther, maintaining Marriage to be little better than a *Sin*. And *Tertullian* condemns all second Marriages. So *Tully*, when persuaded to marry a second Time, answered, he could not *simul amare & sapere*, be wise and love at one Time. But no more of this! I doubt not you will forbear committing the Folly even once.

Be admonished and beware; you see what Cares, Fears, Jealousies, Dangers, Miseries, Anxieties and Troubles attend to dissuade thee from

from it; let *Reason* take Place. *Cupid* is blind, and so are all his *Disciples*: Nay, they are mad, and hurried headlong, though it be to their Ruin, Shame and Disgrace. Lust counterballances all the rest, captivating them like so many brute Beasts; for in this Licentiousness, this sordid Act, they are no other; they are no better; and how like Asses do they look, when they have done; is it not one of the silliest Actions a Man possibly can be guilty of all his Days. Thus *Elpenor* and *Grillus* were supposed to become Swine; *Lycaon* a Wolf; *Calisto* a Bear; *Tereus* a Lapwing; *Jupiter* a golden Shower, a Cuckoo, a Bull, a Swan, a Satyr, &c. And *Apuleius* an Ass. They are all *insensati*, *infatuati*; what other Meanings can the Poets have in their ingenious Fictions, but to point out and indicate to us, that a Man given up to his Lust, is no other than a Brute; no better than those Satyrs, Wolves, Bears, Bulls, Swine, and Asses they are compared to.

I take my Leave of you, my Dear * * * *,
in the Words of our Apostle, *art thou loosed from a Wife? Seek not a Wife.*

F I N I S.

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